



SHOWERS.

In a valley that I know—
Happy scene!
There are meadows sloping low,
There the fairest flowers blow,
All serene;
But the sweetest thing to see,
If you ask the drooping tree,
Or the harvest-hoping swain,
Is the rain.
Ah, the dwellers of the town,
How they sigh;
How ungratefully they frown
When the cloud-kings shake their crown,
And the pearls come pouring down
From the sky!
They deem no charm at all
Where the sparkling jewels fall,
And each moment of the shower
Seems an hour.
Yet there's something very sweet
In the sight,
When the crystal currents meet.
In the dry and dusty street,
And they wrestle with the heat,
In their might!
While they seem to hold a talk,
With the stones along the walk,
And remind them of the rule,
To "keep cool!"
But in that quiet dell,
Ever fair,
Still the Lord doth all things well,
When his clouds with blessings swell,
And they break a brimming shell,
On the air;
There the shower hath its charms,
Sweet and welcome to the farms,
As they listen to its voice,
And rejoice!
From Ballou's History of Cuba

Stern Justice and Awful Punishment.

During the first year of Tacon's governorship in Cuba, a young Creole girl, named Miralda Estalez, kept a little cigar store in the Calle de Mercaderes, and her shop was the resort of all the young men in the town who loved a choice-made and superior cigar. Miralda was only seventeen, without mother or father living, and earned a humble though sufficient support by her industry in the manufacture we have named, and by the sale of her little store. She was a picture of ripened tropical beauty, with a finely rounded form, a lovely face, of soft olive tint, and teeth that a Tuscarora might envy her. At times, there was a dash of languor in her dreamy eye, that would have warmed an anchorite; and then her cheerful jets were so delicate yet free, that she had unwittingly turned the heads, not to say hearts, of half the young men, who in the Calle de Mercaderes. But she dispensed her favors without partiality; none of the rich and gay exquisites of Havana could say they had ever received any particular acknowledgment from the fair young girl for their warm and constant attention. For this one she had a pleasant smile, for another a few words of pleasing gossip, and for a third a snatch of Spanish song; but to none did she give her confidence, except to young Pedro Mantanez, a fine looking boatman, who plied between the Punta and Moro Castle, on the opposite side of the harbor.

Pedro was a manly and courageous young fellow, rather above his class in intelligence, appearance and associations, and pulled his oars with a strong arm and light heart, and loved the beautiful Miralda with an ardent romantic in its fidelity and truth. He was a sort of leader among the boatmen in the harbor, for reason of his superior cultivation and intelligence, and his quick-witted sagacity was often turned for the benefit of comrades. Many were the noble deeds he had done in and about the harbor since a boy, for he had followed his calling of a waterman from boyhood, as his father had done before him. Miralda in turn ardently loved Pedro; and when he came at night and sat in the back part of the little shop, she had always a neat and fragrant cigar for his lips. Now and then, when she could steal away from her shop on some holiday, Pedro would hoist a tiny sail in the prow of his boat, and securing the little stern awning over Miralda's head, would steer into the gulf and coast along the romantic shore.

There was a famous row, well known at this time in Havana, named Count Almonte, who had frequently visited Miralda's shop, and conceived quite a passion for the girl, and indeed had grown to be one of her most liberal customers. With a cunning shrewdness and knowledge of human nature, the Count besieged the heart of his intended victim without his appearing to do so, and carried on his plan of operations for many weeks before the innocent girl even suspected a partiality for her, until one day she was surprised by a present from him of so rare and costly a nature as to lead her to suspect the donor's intention at once, and to

promptly decline the proffered gift. Undismayed by this, still the Count continued his profuse patronage in the way to which Miralda could find no plausible pretext of complaint.

At last, seizing upon what he considered a favorable moment, Count Almonte declared his passion to Miralda, besought her to come and be the mistress of his broad and rich estates at Cerito, near the city, and offered all the promises of wealth, favor, and fortune; but in vain. The pure minded girl scorned his offer, and bade him never more to insult her by entering his shop. Abashed, but not confounded, the Count retired, but only to weave a new snare, whereby he could entangle her, for he was not one to be easily thwarted.

One afternoon, not long after this, as the twilight was settling over the town, a file of soldiers halted just opposite the door of the little cigar shop, when a young man, wearing a Lieutenant's insignia, entered and asked the attendant if her name was Miralda Estalez, to which she timidly responded.

"Then you will please come with me," "By what authority?" asked the trembling girl.

"That of the Governor General," "Then I must obey you," she answered, and prepared to follow him at once.

Stepping to the door with her, the young officer directed his men to march on, and getting into a volute, told Miralda they would drive to the guard house. But to the surprise of the girl, she soon discovered that they were rapidly passing the city gates, and immediately afterwards were dashing off on the road to Cerito. Then it was that she began to fear some trick had been played upon her; and these fears were soon confirmed by the volute turning down the long alley of palms that led to the estate of Count Almonte. It was in vain to expostulate now; she felt that she was in the power of the reckless nobleman, and the pretended officers and soldiers were his own people, who had adopted the disguise of the Spanish army uniform.

Count Almonte met her at the door, told her to fear no violence, that her wishes should be respected in all things save her personal liberty; that he trusted, in time, to persuade her to look more favorably upon him, and that in all things he was her slave. She replied contemptuously to his words, and charged him with the cowardly trick by which he had gained control of her liberty. But she was left by herself, though watched by his orders at all times to prevent her escape.

She knew very well that the power and will of Count Almonte were too strong for any humble friend of hers to attempt to thwart, and yet she somehow felt a conscious strength in Pedro, and secretly cherished the idea that he would discover her place of confinement, and adopt some means to deliver her. The stiletto in the constant companion of the lower classes, and Miralda had been used to wear one even in her store against contingency; but she now regarded the tiny weapon with peculiar satisfaction, and slept with it in her bosom.

Small was the clue by which Pedro Mantanez discovered the trick of Count Almonte. First this was found out, then that circumstance, and these being put together, they led to other results, until the indefatigable lover was at last fully satisfied, that he had discovered her place of confinement. Disguised as a friar of the order of San Felipe, he sought Count Almonte's gates at a favorable moment, met Miralda, cheered her with fresh hopes, and retired to arrange some plan for her delivery. There was time to think now; heretofore he had not permitted himself even an hour's sleep; but she was safe—that is, not in immediate danger—and he could breathe more freely. He knew not with whom to advise; he feared to speak to those above him in society, lest they might betray his purposes to the Count; and his own liberty by some means be thus jeopardized. He could only consider with himself; he must be his own counsellor in this critical case.

At last, as if in despair, he started to his feet one day, and exclaimed to himself, "Why not go to headquarters at once? why not see the Governor-General, and tell him the whole truth? Ah! then this Count Almonte is a nobleman! They say Tacon loves justice. We shall see. I will go to the Governor General; it cannot do any harm, if it does not do any good. I can but try." And Pedro did seek the Governor. True, he did not at once get an audience of him—no the first, nor the second, nor the third time; but he persevered, and was admitted at last. Here he told his story in a firm, manly voice, undisturbedly and open in all things, so that Tacon was pleased.

"And the girl?" asked the Governor General, over whose countenance, a dark cloud had gathered. "Is she thy sister?" "No, Excellency, she is dearer still; she is my betrothed."

The Governor bidding him come near-

er, took a golden cross from his table, and handing it to the boatman, as he regarded him searchingly, said: "Swear that what you have related to me is true, as you hope for heaven!" "I swear!" said Pedro kneeling and kissing the emblem with simple reverence.

The Governor turned to his table, wrote a few lines, and touching a bell, summoned a page from an adjoining room, whom he ordered to send the Captain of the Guard to him. Prompt as were all who had any connection with the Governor's household, the officer appeared at once, and received the written order, with directions to bring Count Almonte and a young girl named Miralda immediately before him. Pedro was sent to an ante room, and the business of the day passed on as usual in the reception hall of the Governor.

Less than two hours had transpired when the Count and Miralda stood before Tacon. Neither knew the nature of the business which had summoned them there. Almonte half suspected the truth, and the poor girl argued to herself that her fate could not but be improved by the interference, let its nature be what it might.

"Count Almonte, you doubtless know why I have ordered you to appear here," "Excellency, I fear that I have been indiscreet," was the reply.

"You adopted the uniform of the guards for your own private purposes upon this young girl, did you not?"

"Excellency, I cannot deny it," "Declare upon your honor, Count Almonte, whether she is unmarried whom you have thus kept a prisoner."

"Excellency, she is as pure as when she entered beneath my roof," was the truthful reply.

The Governor turned, and whispered something to his page, then continued his questions to the Count, while he made some minutes upon paper. Pedro was now summoned to explain some matter, and as he entered the Governor General turned his back for one moment, as if to seek for some papers upon his table, while Miralda was pressed in the boatman's arms. It was but for a moment, and the next, Pedro was bowing humbly before Tacon. A few moments more, and the Governor's page returned, accompanied by a monk of the church of Santa Clara, with the emblems of his office.

"Holy Father," exclaimed Tacon, "you will bind the hands of this Count Almonte and Miralda Estalez, together in the bonds of wedlock!"

"Excellency," said the Count in amazement.

"Not a word, Sonor,—it is his your part to obey!"

"My nobility, Excellency!"

"Is forfeited!" said Tacon.

Count Almonte had too many evidences before his mind's eye of Tacon's mode of administering justice, and he doggedly yielded in silence. Poor Pedro, not daring to speak, was half crazed to see the prize he had so long coveted, thus about to be torn from him. In a few moments the ceremony was performed, the trembling and bewildered girl not daring to thwart the Governor's orders, and the priest declared them husband and wife. The captain of the guard was summoned and dispatched with some written order, and in a few subsequent moments, Count Almonte, completely subdued and broken spirited, was ordered to return to his plantation. Pedro and Miralda were directed to remain in an adjoining apartment to that which has been the scene of this singular procedure. Count Almonte mounted his horse, and with a single attendant soon passed out of the city gates. But hardly had he passed the corner of the Paseo, when a dozen muskets fired a volley upon him, and he fell a corpse upon the road.

His body was quietly removed, and the Captain of the guard, who had witnessed the ceremony, was ordered to take it to time and place, and mounting his horse, rode to the Governor's palace, entering the presence chamber just as Pedro and Miralda were once more summoned before the Governor.

"Excellency," said the officer, returning the order, "it is executed!"

"Is the Count dead?"

"Excellency, yes!"

"Proclaim, in the usual manner, the marriage of Count Almonte and Miralda Estalez, and also that she is his legal widow, possessed of all his titles and estates. See that a proper officer attends her to the Count's estate, and enforces this decision." Then turning to Pedro Mantanez, he said, "No man or woman in this island is so humble, but they may claim justice of Tacon!"

WIFE WANTED.—Any gal what's got a bed, coffee pot, curle black eyes, and skill, knows how to cut out breeches, can make a huntin' shirt, and knows how to take care of children, can have my services till dead parts both of us.—Ez.

Dr. Franklin used to say that rich widows were the only piece of second-hand goods that went off at prime cost.

The Baths of Damascus

Here was a blue mist, through which all we could discern were shaven heads, naked and dusky figures looming through the warm soapy atmosphere, with a grim and horrible effect. There was a hot, heavy oppressive smell, that quite disheartened one of us at least as to the prospect. I instinctively held my breath for fear of inhaling some plague, leprosy, or other loathsome disease peculiar to Oriental cities. While thinking seriously of daring out, paying the backshish, and considering the thing done, a gaunt figure emerged from the fog, and seized me with the grasp of a vice. He was the most frightful looking monster I ever beheld—a perfect living mummy; dark, lean and shriveled, with sharp-pointed yellow teeth, and only one eye, the other having been dug out with some rough instrument; but that single eye was enough; it actually seemed to glare with triumph at the idea of a Christian subject. Another naked wretch seized hold of my friend, the English captain, and we were both dragged rapidly into an adjoining apartment.

I sincerely hope that the impression made upon my mind on entering this den of Satanic visions, will never be effaced by any future experience. It was quite sufficient to give me a general idea of the state of things to which a man may be reduced by an evil course of life. In Martin's illustrations of Milton. At one end was a seething caldron of hot water, in the shape of a dark marble vase, from which arose hot clouds of steam; the marble floor was wet and soapy, and of a smothering heat; the walls were reeking with a warm sweat; high overhead was a concave ceiling, pierced with round holes, in which were colored glasses, and through this light poured down in streaks of every hue; a mist of hot vapor hung in the atmosphere, lit up by flashes of colored light, and gave the moving figures an appearance of wretches reeling in flames of fire and brimstone; and all around, in every direction, were bare bodies and limbs, and shaven heads, glistening through the obscurity, and great naked monsters torturing them with dippers full of scalding water, or blinding them from huge basins of suds; some scalding down a leg or an arm, or rubbing oil of the skin from the backbone of a prostrate victim; others stretching out the limbs and trying to disjoin them, or scrubbing them down with hard brushes—all working with a fiendish zest, increased to a malicious grin of triumph, when a groan or involuntary yell of agony could be elicited.

We were again seized by the naked monsters before mentioned, and dragged into a room still further on, and of much smaller dimensions. There were only two or three victims in this branch of the establishment. It seemed to be the finishing up place, where people who chose to go through the whole operation were subjected to the final and most exquisite ordeals; but we, as a matter of favor, were permitted to suit ourselves by having the whole thing concentrated. It was of such a fiery temperature that for a few minutes it was a sufficient labor to struggle against suffocation. Soon the big drops of sweat rolled down from my forehead; I was covered with a flow of steam and sweat that quite blinded me. The captain vanished in a white mist, leaving a parting impression on my mind of a man gasping for life in a sea of soap-suds. I saw no more of him for a quarter of an hour. Meantime I was jerked out of my winding-sheet, by the one-eyed monster, and thrust down into a sitting posture, close by the vase of hot water. "Hold, for God's sake! What—?"

It was too late. A perfect deluge of foaming lather came pouring down over my head and face, running into my eyes, ears and nostrils, and stopping up my mouth without any hope of escape. I have an indistinct recollection of a confusion of agonies through which I went for the next five minutes, but cannot depict them with anything like the force of reality.

From the crown of my head to the soles of my feet, I was enveloped in a bank of hot lather, which the horrid wretch who had me down was rubbing into my flesh with a small rake or some other instrument of torture. At last he reached my eyes, and here he rubbed so effectually that the pain was too exquisite to be borne. "Water, water!" I roared in the very extremity of agony, "water, you villain! quick, or I'm blind for life!"

"Moose," suggested the captain from his bank of suds on the other side, "call for moose, that's the Arabic, he'll understand it better than English!" "Moose!" I screamed in the madness of anguish; "moose! you rascal!" There was a guttural sound of assent from outside the coating of lather; it was impossible to see an inch; but I heard a dabbling as if in water, and thought I detected something like a fiendish inward laugh. Next moment my brain seemed to be scorched with a hissing flame of fire, and my body

felt as if a thousand devils were tearing strips of skin off with red hot pincers.

For while I was entirely incapable of utterance, I could only write the mummy, who held me down with one hand, while he continued to pour the scalding flood over me with the other, till a momentary cessation of the torture enabled me to call for aid. "Captain! oh heavens, captain! he's boiling me in earnest!" "Cold water!" said the captain in Arabic; "put some cold water on him!" There was a pause now, while the man went in search of cold water, during which time I sat simmering in a puddle of suds, afraid to stir lest my entire coat of skin should drop off. In a few minutes he returned, and holding a bucket over my head, he poured down a stream of fresh water that sent a shock into my very core. It was a relief, however, as it eventually enabled me to open my eyes. When I did open them, the first object in view was that diabolical wretch, grinning horribly, and acquiescing with a malicious satisfaction at the result of his labors. I was red all over, a perfect boiled lobster in external appearance. "Tahib?" said he, signifying, Good, isn't it? "Tahib, hey?" And then he took a large bowl of suds a familiar looking instrument, a brush, which he has fastened on his hand, and seizing hold of me by the arm, commenced rubbing with all his might. To be covered down in this manner with a hard brush, the wooden part of which now and then touched upon some acute angle, was not productive of agreeable sensations, but it was a vast improvement on the hot water process.

Such exquisite delight did the villainous old mummy take in it, that he strained every muscle with zeal and snorting like a racer, his fiery eye glaring on me with a fiendish expression, and his long pointed teeth, glistening through the steam, as if nothing would have afforded him half so much satisfaction as to bite me. Stretching me on my back, he scrubbed away from head to foot, raking over the collar bones, ribs, and shin bones in a paroxysm of enthusiasm. This done, he reversed the position, and raked his way back, lingering with great relish on every spinal elevation, till he reached the back of my neck, which event he signalled by bringing the end of the brush in sudden contact with it. He then pulled me into a sitting posture again, for by this time I was quite loose, and felt resigned to anything, and drawing the brush skillfully over the beaten track, gathered up several rolls of fine skin, each of which he exhibited to me with a grin of triumph, as a token of uncommon skill. "Tahib, Howdih?" "Tahib?" Good; isn't your excellency cleverly done, eh?

Having arrived at this stage of the proceedings, the indefatigable monster again covered me up a sea of lather, and while I was writhing in renewed agonies from streams of soap that kept running into my eyes, in spite of every effort to shut them off, he dashed a large dipperful of hot water over me, following it by others in rapid succession, till, unable to endure the dreadful torturing, I sprang to my feet, seized the dipper, and shouted, "backshish!" at the top of my voice. "The word acted like magic. I never have known it to be applied in vain throughout the East. It opens sacred places, corrupts sacred characters, gives inspiration to the lazy, and new life to the desponding; in short, it accomplishes wonders, no matter how miraculous. From that moment I was a happy man; rubbed down with lamb-like tenderness, smoothed over softly with warm sheets, dried up from head to foot; turbaned like a Pasha, slipped into my clogs, and supported through the various chambers into the grand saloon.

An attendant now handed us chiboucks and coffee, which, together with the delightful sense of cleanliness and relief from all further suffering, produced a glow that was quite ecstatic. Covered up our necks in warm sheets, we lay back supported by pillows, sipped our coffee and smoked our chiboucks with a relish to which all the past pleasures of life seemed absolutely flat. A thorough feeling of forgiveness, a quiet sense of happiness, and an utter indifference to the world and all its cares, pervaded the entire inner man, while the outer was wrapt in that state of physical beauty which the Koran promises to the devout followers of the Prophet in the seventh heaven.—Ross Brown.

THE SILENT WOMAN.—Madame Rignier, the wife of a law officer at Versailles, while talking in the presence of a numerous party, dropped some remarks which were out of place, though not important. Her husband reprimanded her before the whole company, saying: "Silence, madame, you are a fool!" She lived twenty or thirty years afterwards, and never uttered a word even to her children! A pretended thief was committed in her presence, in the hope of taking her by surprise, but without effect, and nothing could induce her to speak. When her consent was required for the marriage of any of her children she bowed her head and signed the contract.

How we may Escape Drouth.

To the Editor of the N. Y. Tribune:

Six—The calamitous effects of our drouth are so evident as to occupy the attention of all classes. Retarded in our spring work, we foretell a scanty harvest; but the latter part of May and early summer were favorable that our hopes of plenty were justly incited, and so far as the hay crop is concerned, our expectations have been fully realized. Indian corn, however, our main dependence, as well as potatoes, roots, pastures, &c., are suffering immensely for want of moisture. If the drouth continues one week longer, these products must be reduced to not more than one half their average yield.

These are the facts as they present themselves to every examiner. Our country depends almost entirely upon her agriculture, and hence must suffer largely from the casualties of the climate. Were this unavoidable, we might console ourselves that we ought to bear it philosophically. But when it is the effect of gross ignorance on the part of the cultivator, it merits the severest reprobation.

The points on which the farmer needs, and may easily obtain, instruction are very numerous, and we propose to notice only the point in question. It is not too bold an assertion to say that no good, practical farmer will allow his crops to suffer largely from drouth. The remedy is simple and natural. Subsoil plowing, accompanied by under draining of wet lands, and even without it on those which are sufficiently dry, is a sure protection against this famine-producing scourge.

A few moments reflection will convince any man that this must prove an infallible remedy, because we know that there is always the same amount of water in and about the surface of the earth. In the winter there is more in the soil than in summer, while in summer that which has been dried out of the soil exists in the atmosphere, being maintained in a vaporous condition by the heat resident among its particles. Without this heat, it must immediately contract and become liquid water; and for this reason a cold pitcher robs heat from the vapor of a summer atmosphere and causes it to be deposited in a liquid form. The cold earth, at night, is thus supplied with dew.

On the same principle subsoiling prevents drouth. It opens the subsoil for a circulation of air. The subsoil, from its shaded position, is always cool, and hence, it takes heat from the moisture of the air permeating it. It acts the part of the cold pitcher. This is the simple, natural reason for the whole action, and any farmer in the world may understand it. But this may be called book-farming, so I will give an example of its practical character.

I yesterday visited the farm of Professor Mapes. The whole country about Newark wears a peculiarly burnt-up appearance, and the dust on the roads was deep, even for New Jersey. I had previously asserted that I knew Mapes' farm to be exempt from the ravages of drouth, and truly I found my prediction fully realized. Not a single plant seemed suffering for want of moisture, and with their roots deeply located in the subsoil, they seemed fairly to snap their fingers at the cloudless sky, and rather to rail at old Sol for trying to interfere with their private affairs.

One crop of corn deserves especial notice from its absolute magnificence. Notwithstanding the fact that it is growing on the north western slopes of a hill, and has not been visited by rain for weeks, yet it stands apparently regardless of all untoward circumstances; and, although, from its location and unfavorable season, one would think forty bushels per acre a large yield, it will without doubt, be near one hundred bushels per acre. Here is an instance where truly scientific knowledge has rendered its possessor entirely independent of the greatest drawback to ordinary success, and enabled him to raise good crops in a bad season.

If this is not practical farming, I would ask some follower of the grandfather system to tell us what is.

Let the devotee of national growth ask himself which will produce the greatest benefit to the country, doubling our commerce, or inducing every farmer to use the subsoil plow and draining tile.

Geo. E. WARRING.

New York, Aug. 24, 1854.

A few nights ago, says a Paris paper, as one of our most distinguished authors, M. de Balzac, was lying awake in bed he saw a man enter his room cautiously, and attempt to pick the lock of his writing desk. The rogue was a little disconcerted at hearing a loud laugh from the occupant of the apartment whom he supposed asleep. "Why do you laugh, sir?" asked the thief. "I am laughing, my fellow," said M. de B., "to think what pains you are taking, and what risk you run, in hopes of finding money by night in a desk where the lawful owner can never find any by day." The thief "evaded Flanders," at once.

Crops in England and France are good.

EVERY MAN MAKES HIS MARK.

Every man who comes into the world, makes some mark upon it ere he goes to his final rest. It may be a small one, hardly visible to the plodding pilgrim on life's highway—but nevertheless, in the future time it will attest some service done or some duty neglected.

Every man exercises some influence in the sphere which he occupies. No matter how low his degree—how obtuse his intellect—how vile his character, he must make his mark upon the times in which he lives, either for good or for ill. If for good, future ages will cherish that index of his existence as they would the autograph of some great conqueror on the world's battle-fields; if for ill, it stands out as a beacon and a warning upon the page of history. Washington made his mark in clear and distinct characters, when he aided in laying the foundation and establishing the character of the Republic, and a nation ponders over it now with reverential admiration.

Arnold made his mark in no less distinct characters, when he would have betrayed the liberties of the Colonies; but our nation and the world point to it in all the future as a blot upon the escutcheon of Humanity, and a stamp upon the otherwise fair frontlet of American patriotism. There are two sorts of marks which different men make upon the world while mingling in its strifes and labors.

Even the babe who lingers but a day upon the borders of Time, ere it returns to the pearly strand makes its impress upon the world. While it lived, a ray of Divinity was lighted, and when it died, that ray burned on as it will continue to do for all time, gilding the rugged way of life with light, and surrounding the dark places with a holy influence. The small hand traces on the sands of Time autographs that waves and tempest can never wash away. Every man has an influence and he should at all times so to exercise the power inherent in and radiating from him, as that the world shall be wiser and better that he has lived, and that future generations, in searching the records of his life, can say with one acclaim—"There was a man—an honest man; peace be with his name."

A tipsy man went into a Sunday-school and for a few moments listened very attentively to the questions propounded to the scholars, but, being anxious to show his knowledge of "scripture" and doctrine, he stood up, leaning on the front of the pew with both hands. "Parson B—," said he, "ask me some of them hard questions." "Uncle John," said the parson, with a solemn face, and in a drawing tone, don't you know you are in the bonds of sin, and the depths of iniquity? "Yes! and in the gall of bitterness too. Ask me another ques—shun!"

The following scene was witnessed a long time ago, in some school room:

"First class in Natural Philosophy stand up. What's attraction?"

"Please sir, I know. It's the look that a blue eyed gal gives her lover."

"Right! Now tell me what inertia is."

"Inertia is a desire to remain where you are—a feeling that a piece of calico experiences when leaning against a canary-colored vest."

READING aloud with the teeth closed is a certain cure for stammering. It should be practised for two hours a day for three months. The recommender of this says: "I can speak with certainty of its utility."

CANADA.—The Montreal Herald one of the oldest papers in the British provinces, says: "If Canada ceases to be a colony, she will become a republic—whether as a member of the United States confederacy or not, must depend upon events over which she has no control."

Mother—"Tommy, my son, run to the store, and get me some sugar."

Five-year-old—"Excuse me, old lady, I was out on a terrific, last night, and don't feel well this morning. Send the old man, and tell him to bring me a pint of Cognac, and a plug of tobacco."

(Tommy stretches himself with a yawn, while Mother looks on admiringly.)

"Jones," said a sympathising neighbor to a friend, "what in the world puts matrimony into your head?"

"Well, the fact is, I was getting short of shirts!"

Let you be ever so pure, you cannot associate with bad companions without falling into bad odor. Evil company is like tobacco smoke—you cannot be long in its presence without carrying away a taint of it.

Nothing sets so wide a mark between a vulgar and a noble soul, as respect and reverential love of woman kind. A man that is always sneering at a woman is generally a base profligate or a coarse bigot.

Fifteen thousand persons have fell victims to the cholera at Barbadoes, W. I.

Lies are hillless swords, which cut the hands that wield them.